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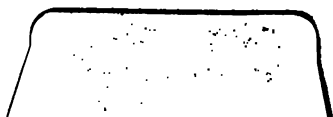
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"I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE AND MAY GAIN;"

OR,

TALES FOR THE TIMES.

"FEAR GOD. HONOUR THE KING."

"He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding."—Prov. xii. 11.

"Godliness, with contentment, is great gain."—1 Tim. vi. 6.

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**"I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE
AND MAY GAIN."**

"I HAVE nothing to lose and may gain." So thinks many a man who, earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, sees not his lot as the appointment of God, envies his superiors their wealth, and hates the king and government, whom he falsely accuses of making him a poor man.

May these few pages convince such that they have much which they may lose ; that insurrection against king and government is rebellion against God, by whom kings reign. May Victoria become dear to each of her subjects' hearts, and may there not be one but will join in the prayer, "God save our Queen."

"I have nothing to lose and may gain," said Jean Pierre, as he thoughtfully stroked the head of his youngest child Thèrese, on the evening of February 23rd, 1848.

The little one, climbing on his knee, threw her arms fondly around his neck, and casting up her laughing blue eyes to her father's, exclaimed "Thèrese loves so much."

A tear lingered for a moment in his eye, as he looked upon his group of loved ones, and thought that ere to-morrow's sun had set, the idol of his heart might be a widow and his children fatherless. His hand, drawn athwart his face, rudely wiped away this last token of affection as unworthy a "brave citizen of France;" one who had enlisted beneath the banners of "Freedom and Republicanism."

From one of the Colporteurs, or Bible Hawkers, employed by the Bible Society in France, Marie Pierre had

obtained a copy of God's word, which was her daily study. The blessing promised to those who seek had been vouchsafed to her. She saw herself a miserable sinner; but, instead of going to the priest for absolution, as heretofore, her sins were laid at the foot of Jesus, in whom she found One, able and willing to save, and experienced in her heart that "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Once she would have been the foremost in applauding her husband for the part which he had determined to take in the revolutionary movement. She would have been the first to urge him to the conflict; aye, she would herself have helped to tear the throne from its place, and cry "down with the king."

But times were changed with Marie, and could you have seen the earnestness with which she tried to dissuade him from his purpose; the warmth with which she told him his duty to protect his monarch to the last, and the look of mingled pity and fear which overspread her face as he uttered the watchwords of his party, "No king," "Equality," "Liberty," &c., you would have asked, in surprise, whence this change?

Ah, let me tell you whence this came. Marie read in her Bible this command, "Fear God, honour the King," and keeping the first part of it, how could she break the second? What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. He that fears God will honour the king.

But to return to Jean: that same night found him amongst the rebels; he joined in the song of the profane; and soon his sword was bathed in the blood of his fellow-countrymen, who remained faithful to their king; but scarce had shouts of victory reached his ear, from the mob who had attacked the palace of the Tuilleries, ere his soul was summoned into the presence of "the King of kings," and his body, found in a mangled state, was *conveyed to the Hotel de Ville.*

Now calculate his loss and gain. True, he was numbered amongst the deliverers of his country, and to him were misapplied the epithets of "Brave Citizen," "Martyr to Liberty," &c.

True, he was buried with pomp, and masses were sung for his soul. But what can all this profit him? He is beyond the reach of praise, beyond the reach of pomp and splendour, beyond the reach of mercy!

We will consider but one loss, but that so great, it swallows up all others—the loss of his immortal soul—his loss no tongue on earth can describe! What shall it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

This man feared not God, therefore he rose in rebellion; and were I to write an epitaph for his tombstone, it should be, "He feared not God." Nor let any think this an overwrought picture. The word of Him that cannot lie is, Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God; the powers that be, are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and he that resisteth, shall receive to himself damnation.

Render therefore to all their dues; custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour. Rom. xiii.

Have any read the foregoing, who have no concern or thought beyond this world; who desire no heaven, nor fear a hell. The sum and substance of whose anxiety is to be well off; their only question being, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" Who desire to be masters instead of servants, to rule instead of obeying; let such listen to another tale I have to tell.

Guillaume D'Arbo was employed in a butcher's shop in Paris; his wages were not high, but they were sufficient

to procure the common necessities of life, for himself and family; and when he saw how comfortably his household were clad, he deemed himself a happy man, to have obtained so good a situation.

Thus many years passed, and no family seemed so comfortable, none so neat and universally respected as the D'Arbos. A neighbour calling in one evening, asked him to accompany him to a public-house near, to hear a speech, which was to be delivered by some famous orator, "On the Rights of the People." Now Guillaume had ever dreaded frequenting such places, but upon his friend's many assurances that he would not be expected to spend anything in beer, he acceded.

The speaker addressed them as his fellow-countrymen in distress. Fellow-sufferers beneath the yoke of Tyranny and Oppression. Brothers in the cause of Freedom. He then proceeded to say, that they had been deluded of their rights, which he called upon them to assert, if there yet remained amongst them one spark of the spirit of patriotism and liberty.

Guillaume listened in astonishment: he knew not that any had defrauded him; his master had paid him regularly; and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Well, no one has cheated me of any thing;" but as the meeting proceeded, he learnt that all property in France ought to be divided equally—that the poor man had as much right to the palace as the King—the possessions of the rich, the goods of the shopkeepers, were as much his as those to whom they nominally belonged; that the poor were made slaves of; that they had to work too many hours a day, while they were not paid half enough for their labour. Lastly, as their best friend, he advised them to demand higher wages, which, if refused, they must then rise, overturn King and government, and take the laws into their own hands, "*For who should rule but the people.*" This last sentence

was received with thunders of applause, and each voice reiterated, "Who should rule but the people."

With such specious lies did he who styled himself "the Friend of the people," delude these poor creatures. Nor think he gave his time for nothing; ere they separated, a collection was made to pay the expenses of this gentleman, who had given up a lucrative business (so he said), that he might devote himself to his country. Thus many a shilling was drawn from the labourers' pocket, which would have been better spent in bread for their families.

Guillaume's eyes were opened, at least he fancied so; he felt angry; cursed himself for having been a contented fool so long, and thus brooding over imaginary ills until they became realities, he who had left his house a few hours before with a cheerful countenance returned gloomy and desponding.

His wife, who had long been watching for him with anxiety, received him with her usually affectionate salutation, but was repulsed with seeming disgust. To her oft-repeated enquiries as to what the matter could be, no answer was given, but he sat in sulky silence watching the embers on the hearth till daylight appeared. He then sauntered out to the last night's haunt, where he squandered his money in treating those whom he now called brothers; but what was money to him as he should soon have plenty.

Long after the usual time he repaired to the shop of his employer, and with an insolent air demanded a rise of wages. This was refused; his master at the same time tried to show him the unreasonableness of his request, since it was but a short time before that his good conduct had induced him to do so—but reasoning could prevail nothing with him, and he left the kindest of masters with revenge deep rankling in his bosom.

The revolution breaking out soon after found him ripe for rebellion: now, under cover of public disturbance and

tumult, heated with liquor, and in the darkness of night, he waylaid the innocent object of his hatred, with one stroke from his bludgeon, felled him to the ground, and decamped with his money. He was with the rebels at the Palais Royal, where, according to the false and flattering promises held out, he expected to come in for a share of the booty, but finding this was not the case, he broke, set fire to, and demolished everything within his reach, lest another should possess it; and shortly afterwards was discovered with another, his comrade in sin, lying on the floor of the King's cellar, in a dreadful state of drunkenness.

Peace is restored to France. Guillaume is now under a republican government. The King has abdicated. Work is promised to all, and higher wages. Surely, then, Guillaume is now a satisfied man—No!

Conscience will give him no rest. It speaks to him of murder; it tells him his sin will find him out—he is in constant apprehension that every one he meets looks upon him with suspicion, and when he can no longer bear the stings of an accusing conscience, he strives to drown thought in intoxication.

But surely his wife and family are better off! Ah, often Annette sighs, and says she never knew what sorrow was before.

Liking not to beg, her furniture has been parted with to procure food for her children; and many an article of clothing has shared the same fate.

Then, tell me, what are his gains?—An accusing conscience—Drunkenness and theft, in the place of honesty and sobriety—His family in rags and want—No fire on the hearth—No provisions on the board.

In pursuit of the Will-o'-the-Wisp of republicanism and *liberty*, he has fallen into many a quagmire of vice, crime, and shame; and bitterly does he repent the hour when he

was led by this false light from the straight path of duty.

Having given up a certainty for an uncertainty—A solid good for that which when obtained yields no satisfaction—he has possessed himself of a fruit which was pleasant to the eyes but bitter in the eating, and sincerely would he agree with the well-known proverb—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread : but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding." Proverbs xii. 11.

Now, come with me to see a brighter picture—pass from these revolting spectacles, to a scene on which we can delight to dwell. O, come with me to visit a cottage of happy, peaceful England.

"Thank God, I'm a Briton," said old Leonard Smith, as he raised his sightless eyeballs towards heaven, while the slow, reverential voice in which those words were uttered, stamped them as the overflowings of a grateful heart.

Leonard had long passed the age of threescore years and ten ; his hair was silvered o'er with age ; and his failing limbs only allowed him to crawl as far as the cottage door, where, when the weather would permit, he was wont to sit many hours a day, for, as he would say, he could feel and enjoy the warmth of the sun, and thank God for it, though he could not see it. In short, he was not one of those persons who spend life in numbering up their grievances. No, but his mercies he often would recount, and wonder at the sum of them, while a smile of peaceful content brightened up his withered face.

An account from his son of the facts connected with

the French revolution of 1848, had drawn from him the ejaculation with which I introduced him to my reader.

"Well," he resumed, after some thought, "in other countries there is more talk about men's rights, but in Britain men get their rights more."

"Bravely spoke, grandfer; there's no place like Britain, depend on it;" was the reply of James, as he gave him, on his back, a clap of approbation and affection.

"My ideas of rights," continued grandfer, "arn't like some folks. Let every man have his rights—so say I. The king's right, to my mind, is to reign and live in a palace; the rich to have fine houses and plenty of servants. The poor man has a right to his wages, if so be that he does his work properly; and, thank the Lord, in England there are courts of justice, to which the poor as well as rich may appeal, if any defraud him of his rights. As to them that are in power, I'm sure they know what's good for the country far better than I can; nor do I envy them their places—so much anxiety, fuss, and thought; and then so little thanks they get for all their pains. Then, as to the Queen, God bless her, I love her from the bottom of my heart. I think a king or queen must be better than so many ruling. Sure, didn't I learn it from my own experience many a day gone by, when I was a smart young man, and worked at the squire's, the time he was altering his grounds; several men who understood the thing, came down to overlook us, and show us how to do it. All went on as nice and comfortable as could be, till master went away for a month. Then the gardeners began squabbling as to which was highest, and had most right to order; and some of the labourers began to be discontented, and say they did not see why they should not be as high as any, and have as much for their work. Right glad was I when master came back and put all to rights, *and things were straight again* as could be. Oh, says I,

to myself, 'tis best to have one at the head; and this seems to me like our country, with the Queen at the head:" and again the old man exclaimed "God bless her."

His son and his wife Sarah, brought up in the same beautiful spirit of loyalty, struck up the National air, "God save our Queen," and even the merry-faced children left their play to join in their favourite song.

"Thank ye, thank ye," returned old Leonard, as it concluded, for he appeared to think it a kindness done to himself, so completely were his sovereign's interests interwoven with his own.

"What about equality, grandfer?" said Sarah; not that she was ignorant of his sentiments, but that she ever loved to hear him talk.

"Equality!" he replied, "that never shall be so long as the word of my God remaineth, 'the poor shall never cease out of the land.' 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his words shall not pass away.'"

"This is the case Sally," he continued in a livelier tone. —"Suppose Humphrey, the old gipsy, who passes our door sometimes, were to look in and say, 'Oh! oh! my good friend, I've no furniture, whilst I see you have six chairs, a table, plates, and dishes, so I shall take half.' Were he to do so, what would you think of him? Would you say it was just? No, they all belonged to you. You would look upon him as a thief, and have him taken up for one, though he only wished for equality! Then, be assured, Sally, if he has no right to what is yours, you have no right to the property of those who possess more than you do. Be satisfied, my children, in the station in which God has placed you; if you are not, no other could make you happy, and when this voice can no longer admonish you, forget not the golden rule 'to do to others as you would they should do to you.'"

"No doubt," said Sally, "you feel easier than had you made yourself rich by unlawful means. But have you gained anything by your content, and what good have the rich done you?"

"Oh child," cried he, laughing, "you'd have me tell you over again, those acts of kindness of which I delight to speak. How that the winter, when I broke my leg, the squire and other gents would send me dinners from their own tables, and the clergyman and his good wife would come and read to me by the hour; and then they cared for the body as well as soul, for not often did they come empty handed. How kind my neighbours were to me, offering to do anything for me; and do you think they would have done so if I had been a discontented, grumbling man?"

"What have the rich done for us? Why who pays for the allowances that we sick and aged get from the parish? Who supports the house for the poor and destitute, so that none in England need die from want or cold? Who pays for the blankets and the clothing fund? Who gave out coals when the weather was so bitterly cold? Who built the schools where my little doves may learn things which will make them well to do in this world, and those things which, with God's blessing, will secure them riches in the world to come?"—and again he broke forth in a strain of praise—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The old man concluded thus,—“If any man's testimony may be taken, sure mine may be, who have lived nigh an hundred years, and though Leonard dies poor, he has found throughout that long time, that ‘Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.’”





